

# The Advice.

Would you be Famous and Renown'd in Story,  
And after having run a Stage of Glory,  
Go streight to Heaven, and not to Purgatory:

*This is the time.*

Would you surrender your Dispensing Power,  
And send the *Western* Hangman to the Tower,  
From whence he'll find it difficult to scowre:

*This, &c.*

Would you send Father *Pen*, and Father *Lob*,  
Assisted by the Poet Laureat *Squab*,  
To teach Obedience Passive to the Mobb:

*This, &c.*

Would you let Reverend Father *Peters* know  
What Thanks the Church of *England* to him owe  
For Favours past, he did on them bestow:

*This, &c.*

Would you with expedition send away  
Those four dim Lights made Bishops t'other day,  
To Convert *Indians* in *America*:

*This, &c.*

Would you the rest of that Bald-pated Train  
No longer flatter with thin hopes of Gain,  
But send them to St. *Omers* back again:

*This, &c.*

Would you (instead of holding Birchen Tool)  
Send *Pulton* to be lash'd at *Busby's* School,  
That he in Print no longer play the Fool:

*This, &c.*

Would you that *Jack of all Religions* scare,  
Bid him for Hanging speedily prepare,  
That *Harry H---s* may visit *Harry Care*;

*This, &c.*

Would you let *Ireland* no more fear *Macdonnel*,  
And all the Rabble under *Philem O Neale*,  
And *Clarendon* again succeed *Tyrconnel*;

*This, &c.*

Would you Court Ear-wiggs banish from your Ears,  
Those Carpet Knights, and Interested Peers,  
And rid the Kingdoms from impending fears;

*This, &c.*

Would you at once make all the *Hogan Mogans* yield,  
And be at once their Terrour and our Shield,  
And not appear by Proxy in the Field;

*This, &c.*

Would you no more a Womans Counsel take,  
But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms sake,  
Make Subjects love, and Enemies to quake;

*This, &c.*

F I N I S.